

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 196.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1855.

PRICE 1d.  
STAMPED 2d.



ALLAN'S VISIT TO THE DUNCAN FAMILY.

## MARRIAGE;

OR,

## THE BACHELOR IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

### CHAPTER IV.—HOME SECRETS.

"I am ashamed that women are so simple  
To offer war when they should kneel for peace;  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey."

No. 196, 1855.

MANY were the entreaties which his grandmother and cousins expended on Allan, in order to induce him to prolong his stay at Norwich; but he felt that the danger of remaining too long in the vicinity of Annie Ashton warranted no delay; and accordingly he went to take leave of the Grants

E E

on the morning of his departure for Yarmouth, where he proposed, previously to returning to Highgate, to make a short stay with an old college friend who had been married about three years.

He found his aunt at the stocking basket; Jane, with a most untidy head of hair and person generally, at the piano, singing; Alice professedly teaching a younger brother, but working a problem in algebra in reality; and Clara writing an essay on language. Alice sprang up at his approach, and boisterously asked for his assistance in her difficult problem; and, as he could not profess ignorance on this, as on the German theology, there was no alternative but to help the fair questioner; but he was not prepared for the numerous strips of paper thrust into his hand covered with signs and letters, not by Alice alone, but by Jane and Clara, who were both studying algebra. He drew out his watch, and excused himself on the plea of time; but it would not do. So ardent were they in pursuit of knowledge, that they gave him no peace, and he was obliged to rectify their errors, which were neither few nor small. He found that algebra formed only a small part of their multifarious studies; but he found, too, that in the extreme ardour with which they were grasping after the much, they were in great danger of losing any solid hold of the little. They were studying German. A few weeks since there had been a German fever in the household; not for theology only—to which Alice, always in the opposition, declared herself a convert—but to the language and literature in general: and before they were well through the grammar, they had borrowed Faust, and were trying to persuade themselves they understood it. Now, Greek and algebra were the rage; the former was a little declining, the latter in full power. There was a great show of sketching, too; and Alice was learning the guitar. The books they had read formed really a startling list. Besides the novels of the day, there were works on metaphysics, geology, and more ologies than Allan cared to reckon, besides poems, plays, etc. "Cui bono?"

They were an unhappy, bickering family band; and that which, judiciously trained, would have made them tolerably sensible and agreeable people, was, by the strain that was put upon it, and the undue appreciation in which they held their own powers, frittered away in a variety of efforts which resulted in perpetual disappointments and failures.

Allan left no portion of his heart at the Grove, and but little of his approbation, as, passing out at the gate, he saw a servant girl wiping her swollen eyes, and standing by her sole earthly possessions. He could never see sorrow with indifference, and stopped to ask her the cause. The tale was not an uncommon one at that threshold. She had been turned away for dishonesty. Miss Grant had seen her cut some butter off a piece that was left for pie-crust, and had missed some meat. She owned it; but she said in excuse that she had come fresh from a farm-house in the country, where, if their living was coarse, it was plentiful, and that she had not sufficient food to satisfy her, working as she did from early morn until late at night. She was not the first by many that Mrs. Grant had turned away for the same

cause. She should pity them if they were really poor folks; but to compare the set-out the other night and their hard pinches, was enough to make one dishonest.

Allan paid her coach fare to her native place without comment, and felt little more approbation of the family for the servant's story.

The dream was over. Conscience and common sense alike bade him, however hard was the struggle, shake off his love for Annie; and it was well; for his advances would have met with but little favour from her father, who could not understand the reluctance of his child to listen to proposals from the professor. To all his arguments poor Annie had but one reply—"I would, indeed I would, if I could love him, but I cannot."

It is not unnatural that, after the *couleur de rose* tints of the last three weeks, Yarmouth, even when seen on a brilliant day in June, should have presented to the eye of our hero a somewhat insipid appearance; nor that a visit, even to an old friend, should have been anything but tempting in prospect. He had now been married three years, and Allan anticipated the less perfection in his domestic felicity, that he had his wife's mother residing in the house with him—an arrangement which Allan knew was too often fatal to home comfort and independence. Mr. Duncan resided in a commodious house on the quay; he was a rising barrister, and had lately come into possession of handsome property by the death of his father.

It was evening when Allan deposited his carpet bag in the hall, and was ushered into an elegant drawing-room, where Mrs. Duncan and her mother were seated at work. Mrs. Duncan was a well-bred and somewhat handsome woman, but her countenance had a worn, anxious look, which was painful to contemplate. It was truly indicative of a spirit of unrest. Tea was just on the point of being brought in as he entered; but, at a sharp word from the lady of the house, the urn was taken away, and the servant retired. For a few minutes Allan was in doubt whether he were expected, so heavy was the cloud which rested on the brow of his hostess; but he soon understood that this cloud had reference to an absent and not to a present object. Unhappily, that object was the husband.

"How pleasantly your house stands," said Allan, willing to say something pacific, yet uncertain on what ground he might tread, and sensible that he was on a volcanic soil.

"You would not have said so half an hour ago, if you had been here before the sun went down. It is the hottest of all hot situations—it is killing us all by inches."

"Yarmouth always struck me as a warm place. I remember the inhabitants used to amuse me, when I was a boy, by talking of going into the country, when all the country people were crowding to the sea."

But Mrs. Duncan could not smile. Mrs. French, her mamma, now put in her word. "Dear Henrietta is very delicate. I never did think Yarmouth suited her, and I am now convinced of it; but Mr. Duncan is not easily alarmed."

Mr. Duncan at this moment came in; he was so altered from the Frank Duncan of their school days that for a few moments Allan stood irresolute.

At length his doubts were resolved by the hearty welcome, and he soon recognised in the tones of the voice that which he could not discover in the person. They were speedily talking of old times, and school and college friends, until they discovered that Mrs. Duncan had retired, and that the old lady, her mother, sat swelling in sullen and offended dignity. She was rising to leave the room when the footman entered.

"My mistress begs me to ask, sir, if you wish for tea to-night."

"To be sure I do. Why have we not had it before?"

"Henrietta is quite faint for want of her tea," chimed in the bird of ill omen; "I am sorry to tell you, James, she is very far from well to-night. Dr. Ferguson saw her to-day, and said you had no idea how much care she required."

"I am very sorry, I am sure," said the kind-hearted fellow; "but I think Henrietta would be much better without his visits. I cannot imagine, for my part, why she applies to him. If she is really ill, she had much better go at once to some first-rate man, rather than let this chap dangle after her. Heigho! Allan, my boy, you have yet to learn all the troubles of matrimony as well as its pleasures. It is rather early in married life, too, to speak of its troubles, is it not?"

"And you look, Duncan, as though they had rested lightly on you at present."

"That is my provokingly easy temper, Grant. I do sometimes feel stirred up to a little fit of anger, and I do now and then let out a bit, when that dear old lady interferes. Take my advice, Allan: never marry more than one of a family."

"I don't intend, I assure you; but where are the rest?"

"Oh, there are three sisters, who spend a considerable portion of their time in visiting their relations; and lately Mrs. French has given up housekeeping, and the girls are sent out on spec. Happily, they are none of them here just now—unhappily, perhaps I should say, if you are free. They are clever girls though; nice girls; but I shall be glad when Mrs. French meets with a house in a healthy situation."

Allan laughed; but the entrance of tea, and of Mrs. Duncan with red eyes, changed the subject, and he endeavoured to make himself agreeable, with so much success that sunshine was about to smile upon them, when news came from the nursery that baby would not sleep, and that nurse thought she was ill.

In a moment the whole house was in an uproar; the kitchen was besieged for hot water, the drawing-room received message after message to the effect that the doctor must be sent for, and poor James Duncan, in the middle of his second cup of tea, was accordingly despatched on the embassy. And all this time it was plainly insinuated that the whole illness was nothing more nor less than the effect of Yarmouth air. Allan's spirits sank. "If this is married life, the Elms and my calm sister Margaret for me," he thought, as, seated alone in the drawing-room, he awaited the return of his friend.

The doctor came and shook his head. Doctors generally do, when they have but little to say.

"Do you think the child seriously ill?" asked Mr. Duncan, anxiously, on his return from the nursery.

"The attack has passed off for the present," replied the doctor; "but I am more anxious for the mother than the child. She needs care, Mr. Duncan—I am bound to tell you—great care."

Mr. Duncan allowed himself to be convinced of the fact, and the doctor continued: "Little is to be done by medicine in this case. Change of air and scene, and freedom from all harassing domestic cares, are indispensable. Mrs. Duncan is a most delicately organised creature: I never, in short, saw any one so sensitive."

"Now, I consider that fellow impertinent," said Mr. Duncan, when he had bowed the doctor out. "Just as if I did not know my wife's organisation as well as any one else. However, we are in for another summer's wanderings; and by the time the suitable place is pitched upon, it will be winter, and we shall be coming home."

Mrs. French at this moment appeared with the news that the baby was asleep, and that Mrs. Duncan wished to speak with her husband, who dutifully obeyed the summons with a very perplexed and half-frightened expression of countenance. He returned in about half an hour, looking decidedly flat and dismal.

"I am sick of mothers-in-law," he said at last, seating himself at the supper-table. "I advise you, Allan, to have nothing to do with them; and another thing I advise, don't be engaged too long."

"It is a less dangerous error than being engaged too short a time, surely."

"Not a bit of it. We knew too much of one another before marriage, had too many quarrels, and got into a confirmed habit of quarrelling; then, when we were married and there was even less restraint, matters got worse."

"It seems a pity to quarrel either before or after marriage, I think."

"Well, my dear fellow, what can I do?"

"I don't think you can do much; but I should think, if it were put kindly and tenderly to your wife, she would, if she loves you, take a little pains to overcome her temper for your sake."

"It is really very trying. Now to-night she told me that she believed she should not live long, and that she hoped when she died I should form a connection more to my happiness than this had been, and a great deal more; but everything she said made me feel and appear a perfect monster of cruelty. It seems very wrong," he said ingenuously, "to tell you all this; but you have been witness to a little domestic scene, so I thought I had better explain, lest you should think matters worse than they really are. She is a fine creature after all, and if she could but get rid of her temper and her mother, I think we should stand a very fair chance of happiness."

"Forgive me—for you treat me as an old friend—but I should be very careful, I think, of irritating such a temper. Prevention, you know, in moral as well as physical evils, is better than cure."

"I never do irritate her, that I know of."

"I cannot say, I have had so little opportunity of observing; but if I knew one habit of mine annoyed or irritated, I should give it up. I believe

we more often win on those who are a little difficult, by small sacrifices than by great gifts. That which costs us something is a better proof of love than that which costs no self-denial."

"I believe you are right, as you always were both at school and college. Ah, I need some one to keep me up to my duty. I believe I do often give occasion for offence to her. I am so apt to be unpunctual at meals; then I am so fond of smoking, and she abhors the smell. In fact, there are many little things in which our tastes clash. By-the-by, Grant, are you engaged?"

"Indeed I am not."

"Well, I think you are wise; a man had better enjoy a few years of free life before he puts on shackles, and you must have had a time of slavery with your uncle."

"I did not feel it slavery; but I think the shackles of married life would be much lighter than those I wore. There is the strong tie of affection between husband and wife, which cannot exist in any other relation."

"I am afraid you have very romantic ideas of matrimonial happiness, Grant. Believe me, Lucilla Stanleys are only to be found in novels, and Hannah More's was an entirely fancy portrait—a portrait, in fact, of woman as she *should be*, not of woman as she *is*."

"I do not expect a Lucilla Stanley, but I do expect to meet with a woman who can go through life with me in unity and peace. I shall, of course, look out for as many natural endowments as possible, and shall make it a *sine quâ non* that my wife has one ruling principle which will keep all other things right: I mean sincere piety."

"Oh, religion is a very easy profession nowadays. It is fashionable to be religious. I see plenty of that, not in Henrietta, however, for she is too sincere to profess what she does not feel; but there is quite a clique of young ladies here, and old ones too, who are perfect theologians. There is a Miss Taylor, Allan—by-the-by, she is quite in your way—who is the right hand of the curate, and is on committees and societies without end. She was a gay, merry girl when she first came here; but she took a sudden turn, and now she is a perfect model of plain-dressing and mortification."

"I do not know that this would suit me. It very much depends on whether Miss Taylor has any home duties which should occupy her, whether these out-of-door employments are consistent for her or not. There are plenty of people in the world whose mission it is to attend to such things, and this is generally indicated, I think, by circumstances."

"Oh, Miss Taylor thinks nothing of that; she sets up her standard of duty, and follows it through hosts of obstacles. Her poor mother is a dreadful sufferer, and seldom leaves her room; she is nearly blind, and scarcely able to employ herself at all, and it strikes common sense that, as an only daughter, her charity should at least *begin* at home. It need not end there; but it seems contrary to nature to neglect a mother for a school or a district. Then there are married ladies who, I am persuaded, would be better wives and mothers too, if they would be keepers at home, and instead of hiring governesses to do their work whilst they go out, were to do it themselves."

"There is a great deal of truth in all this, Duncan; but one thing is certain—and it would be well if the hard judges of poor committee ladies and Dorcas society folks were to lay it to heart. There is an immense deal of misery, and ignorance, and wretchedness in the world; and if those who ought to raise their hands for its removal suffer them to hang passive, who is to blame those who, perhaps with less time and less fitness, enter the field?"

"One thing I am resolved on: Henrietta shall have nothing to do in such matters. Miss Taylor is very wroth with me because I will not give my consent to her standing in white gloves and light silk at a fancy fair which is to be held here; but I mean to be firm."

Allan Grant took his candle and retired to rest, almost weary of his search for domestic happiness.

Everything was bright next morning; the storm in the household had apparently cleared the air; the baby was almost well again; the lady of the house, who had been promised a pretty cottage for a summer and autumn at Sidmouth, and a visit to town previously, made her appearance at the breakfast table in a becoming morning dress, and with a pleasant, almost contented smile on her face. She was well-informed, lady-like, and agreeable; and Allan Grant, for the first time since he entered the house, felt at ease. Yet he could not envy the lot of a man who was compelled to purchase good humour by bribes, nor admire the woman who, like a child, consented to be thus won. He thought, indeed, that he should have been well content to see an eye less brilliant, a complexion less fair, and a figure less elegant, if he could have insured perpetual sunshine on the face.

Contemptible as it may seem to read all this on black and white, yet I believe more than one woman's conscience will bear witness to the truth, that health is too often used as a weapon against a husband's will and judgment, and that it is a pretext for many an indulgence which either means or circumstances render it undesirable to afford. Alas! that woman should ever step from the throne in which she reigns over her husband's affections, to stoop to any arts but those of tenderness, or strive for any mastery over the will of him whom she has promised to love, honour, and obey, but the mastery of love. There was not in this home, as in Marion's, any neglect of domestic duties. Servants, children, and accounts were all kept in order, and there was a scrupulous observance of the external forms of religion; but, with all this, the governing principle was wanting—the word was more prominent than the deed—and with excellent theories practice was lamentably deficient.

In the course of the morning several callers made their appearance, and among others Miss Taylor, who renewed her suit for the fancy fair, but unsuccessfully. There was a great deal of conversation, partly unintelligible to Allan, from which he gathered that party spirit had crept into this as well as many other human institutions. Miss Taylor, who was the secretary, and seemed good-natured enough, had hard work to reconcile the jarring elements of the committee, and, above



all, to arrange the tables or stands with any chance of pleasing all parties. Then the ladies who were to wait were a little difficult. Miss Rayner would not wait at the same table with Miss Blake, because they were not on speaking terms, and had never been since the last fancy fair, when Miss Blake had been accused of obtaining more than her share of flowers for the ornament of her department, to the injury of Miss Rayner's stand. Mrs. Wood would not have the Miss Chanters stand with her, because they dressed so much, and endeavoured to attract observation; and Miss Roberts did not like the society of the Manns, because they dressed with such disgraceful shabbiness.

Allan could not help thinking that these were spots in the feast of charity; but he was a sensible man, and not disposed to set down the whole thing as wrong and foolish because the workers in it showed a few human imperfections. We are far too apt to do this in our short-sighted way of judging one another. Well is it for us that God looks on our services with more mercy than we on those of our neighbours.

Altogether the visit to Yarmouth was depressing. Even the stroll on the beach, where ladies were seated at crochet; and on the jetty, where gentlemen leaned lazily gazing over into the sea, as though idleness were bliss; and the race-course, where ponies and donkeys were scampering along with their tiny burdens; and the shops, where the business of shopping was the only thing in which anybody seemed to have either zeal or spirit—failed to enliven him, and he could not forget the bright vision of the last few days, and wonder whether there were really any truth in Miss Catherine's hints that Professor Ruthven was entertaining serious intentions towards Miss Ashton.

There was another cloud at dinner time. Allan had to reflect for some minutes very seriously before he could remember the cause, but he believed it arose from a trifling remark which Mr. Duncan made on morning calls, and the great deal of time which they consumed. At once Mrs. Duncan took fire. "She spent but little time in morning calls; no one could say they consumed much of her time." (She had received seven between the hours of one and four, and her baby had been crying lustily the while.) She then began a defence, which, as she was not accused, seemed scarcely called for; and her husband, instead of judiciously changing the subject, argued it out with her, and finished by reckoning how many hours in the 365 days of a woman's years were on an average devoted to nothings. The eye flashed—that beautiful dark eye—as no eye should flash upon a husband; the lip curled in scorn; and the proud neck was reared as she replied that she was no arithmetician, but that it would be a sum worth working out to discover how many hours were passed over a cigar and at a reading room, and how much money they spent in this and similar pursuits.

"I will be a sharp observer of temper," said Allan to himself that night, as, in the corner of the train which bore him away from Yarmouth, the events of the last few weeks passed in review before him.

### THE CHAMP DE MARS.

It is a lovely summer morning. The air, still fresh and breezy, is warmed by the breath of the sunny south. The Seine, as it swirls along, is blown into innumerable tiny ripples, and every ripple, crested with a spark of fire, glints like a day-star. The trees rustle and whisper together, and turn the white sides of their emerald leaves towards the sun as they bend before the balmy zephyr, and bare their shadowy recesses to the cool embrace. There is not a cloud in the sky—not a particle of haze or impurity in the air; clear and distinct as a toy model in the centre of a crystal globe, lies the bright city of Paris, white and shimmering in its own crystal atmosphere. And Paris is glad to-day, with such gladness as the two concurrent enjoyments of a grand spectacle and fair weather never fail to impart. Multitudes are abroad in their holiday attire, and westward and southward they swarm, thousands in vehicles of every description and tens of thousands on foot—for to-day there comes off a grand review of some forty thousand foot and horse in the Champ de Mars, in presence of the emperor and empress, and their royal guest the young king of Portugal.

Along both banks of the river the explosive clang of kettle-drums and trumpets, and the brazen melodies of war, reverberate from side to side, and hour after hour the tramp of solid legions, the clang of cavalry, and the shouts of the attending multitude, keep defiling onward, as though the current of tumultuous life would never pause, towards the grand scene of action. We, having come to Paris expressly to see what is to be seen, conceive that we can do no better than to join the general stream; but we have no notion of trudging it for three miles through a crowd numbering perhaps a quarter of a million, and have some doubts whether a fiacre be a machine of sufficient power to penetrate the mass. We get into one, however, and give the word of command to the driver. Cabby wags his long black beard in an ominous manner, and gravely informs us that he has doubts on the subject too; but, of course, being a Frenchman, he has no sooner expressed his conviction that the thing is impossible, than he makes up his mind to do it. In we get, and off we go, and having crossed one of the bridges to the Quai d'Orçay, are soon shifted into a position between a regiment of cavalry and a regiment of blouse infantry, which, unless our machine break down, must infallibly take us where all the world is going.

The route is pleasant enough, leading through level roads everywhere bordered with trees; and in spite of the military clamour and the hum of the multitude, we find old memories busy with our thoughts, and we cannot help revolving the past history of the Champ de Mars as we approach it once again, after an absence of more than twenty years. This celebrated arena, as many of our readers know, is an immense oblong square, above four-sevenths of a mile in length and about half that measure in breadth. Previous to the first French revolution, it was little better than a piece of waste ground with an undulating surface; but in the spring of 1790, it being resolved to hold on that spot the feast of the Federation, orders were

given to transform it into an immense amphitheatre large enough to accommodate the whole population of Paris, then numbering some five hundred thousand, who were invited to take part in the ceremony. Many bands of workmen were turned in to effect the desired transformation; but the soil had to be lowered to a considerable depth, and the earth raised in lofty embankments, to be covered with seats on either side. The herculean task could not be accomplished by the ordinary process, and as the day appointed for the fête drew near, it was evident that the work could not be finished by the labourers employed. But the enthusiasm of Paris was not to be balked. All ranks and classes, impelled by one spirit, rushed to the rescue. Peers and counts threw off their coats, and, seizing the mattock, worked with the mob; the aristocracy of the land laboured with the meanest; noble matrons heaped clay upon the wheelbarrows, and delicate ladies put their fair hands to the soil and emulated the lowliest toiler. Those who were too feeble to handle spade or pickaxe, busied themselves in providing and dispensing refreshments to the strong. The work paused not a moment day or night; by the light of the stars or by the glare of torches the eager bands wrought on and on till the grand design was completed, and "the country's altar," erected in the centre of the arena, awaited the consummation to which all looked forward as to the inauguration of an era of peace and tranquillity to France.

The fête of the Federation took place on the 14th of July, in the presence of four hundred thousand spectators seated on the benches. Thirty thousand electors, members of the municipality, and deputies from the army and the departments, preceded by bands of music, entered the amphitheatre, beneath a triumphal arch. The king and the national assembly met them at the foot of the altar. Talleyrand, then bishop of Autun, at the head of two hundred priests, celebrated high mass; after which Lafayette, as commander-in-chief of the national guards, swore fidelity to the nation, the law, and the king. Then the president of the assembly, the king and the queen, swore in their turns, amidst the rolling of drums, the boom of cannon, and the roar of the multitude. At this moment a tremendous storm of rain burst upon the field, which became a perfect deluge, drenching everybody to the skin—an omen which proved but too prophetic of the overthrow of all hopes of tranquillity.

A year had barely rolled round since that oath was taken, when the Champ de Mars was the scene of a bloody and atrocious conspiracy, of which Danton, Robespierre, Freron, and Marat were the concoctors and the leaders—a conspiracy having for its object the deposition of the king and the inauguration of the reign of terror. Their designs were for a time averted by the promptitude of Lafayette, who hastened to the spot with a detachment of the guards, and, by shooting down the foremost of the insurgents, dispersed them, after they had wantonly slain two innocent men in cold blood. Had the king possessed nerve enough to follow up this act by decisive measures, the subsequent horrors of the revolution had been spared to France.

Ever since its formation, the Champ de Mars has been celebrated for military spectacles. It was here that Napoleon held the famous Champ de Mai, previous to the battle of Waterloo; it was here that Louis Philippe distributed the colours to the national guards. Here also, on a night in June, 1837, during the display of fireworks on the occasion of the marriage of the duke of Orleans, twenty-four persons were crushed to death by the crowd, in rushing through the gates. The most magnificent spectacle of the reign of the present emperor was seen on the 10th of May, 1852, when Louis Napoleon distributed here the eagles to his army.

By the time we have got to the end of our retrospect, our fiacre has arrived at the end of the eastern mound or artificial embankment of the famous field. The troops are still pouring in by squadrons as we alight and climb the bank. Here we find ourselves advantageously situated for a commanding view. The embankment, for its whole length, is planted with four rows of trees, whose cool shade, as the day advances and the heat increases, is a welcome relief from the scorching rays of the sun. There are probably not much fewer than a hundred thousand people on this single bank; yet there is nothing like crowding or inconvenience. The more curious have taken up a position on the side which shelves downwards towards the central plain; on the other side, which shelves towards the ditch and the stone wall which flanks the inclosure, hundreds of blouses lie sleeping in the sun, and among them children play. The summit of the mound along its whole length is a kind of fair, where a few booths, tents, and temporary huts are erected, all put up since the morning; in these, lemonade and wines are sold, and all kinds of refreshments are to be had. Grouped in circles on the grass are whole families, who have brought the day's provisions with them; children of tender age, and even infants unweaned, are rolling about on the soft herbage, under the charge of bonnes and nurses who have come to see the show. Groups of foreigners, English, Germans, Italians, are distinguishable by their speech and by the anxiety which some of them evince to be informed of all that is going on. On the opposite bank, which is at the distance of some six hundred yards, and which appears still more populous than the one we have chosen, are several huge erections after the model of the grand stands on our own race-courses, and all are closely thronged with spectators. The immense level space between, lying near thirty feet below us, is alive with armed men; the splendour of the cavalry regiments literally dazzling the eye, and the dense masses of infantry, ranged in far-stretching ranks, or packed in solid squares, forming a living background to the groups of officers in brilliant and flashing costume, and to the flying aides-de-camp darting at full gallop along the serried lines.

It is not yet one o'clock, and the emperor and empress will not arrive till two at the earliest. Though the regiments are nearly all assembled on the plain below, they are standing very much at their ease, and we notice a remarkable absence of that rigid martinet kind of discipline which is the rule on similar occasions in Hyde Park. Not only

are multitudes of the spectators allowed to mingle with the soldiery, with whom they gossip and joke as they penetrate between the ranks; but the soldiers themselves are in many places broken into friendly groups, and beguile the time with chat. Of a splendid cavalry regiment drawn up close to our position one half at least are smoking cigars, or passing the lighted tinder from hand to hand in preparation for that indulgence; and of the foot-soldiers, numbers of various regiments are seen running up the steep bank in search of refreshment.

At the southern extremity of the plain stands the Ecole Militaire, a palatial structure of the reign of Louis xv, now no longer a military school, but a vast barrack, capable, when the works in progress are completed, of accommodating six thousand troops. The façade fronting the Champ de Mars is a noble specimen of architecture. In the centre is a lofty gallery or balcony commanding a view of the whole plain, and here the empress will sit, surrounded by the royal guests and the court, to view the proceedings. At various points on the mound long telescopes are erected, and brought to bear upon this central balcony, so that the empress and her guests may be seen by any of the spectators who choose to disburse a few sous for the gratification of their curiosity.

Pending the hour which is to elapse ere the evolutions begin, we shall amuse ourselves by traversing the whole length of the mound among the motley crowd assembled upon its summit, which averages about fifty feet in width, with as much more for the two shelving sides, and forms a long irregular avenue, the trees being scattered at hazard rather than planted in regular rows. The assembly of such a multitude as is here gathered together, were it to take place in England, would infallibly present certain disagreeable elements, which, happily, we look for here in vain. There is no strife or contention for places; no crowding to this point or that; no quarrelling; nothing of that disgusting incentive to quarrel arising from insulting language intended to pass for wit; but, on the contrary, all is orderly, quiet, and even courteous, though all ranks are indiscriminately mingled together; and the police, so far as we can observe, form no part of the company. With the pleasures of the day, a considerable amount of business is combined. To a multitude so vast, who will remain assembled for seven or eight hours, refreshments are indispensable, and they are provided without stint. Wine, beer, lemonade, and the so-called coco, or liquorice water, may be had in abundance; but there is no drunkenness—not the least sign of that hateful vice; the day is hot, and men and women drink freely to assuage thirst; but it is to barrels, not of beer or spirits that they resort, but of lemonade retailed at a farthing the full goblet, and drawn from huge casks tapped at both ends. Where wine is drunk, it is copiously mingled with water, and the beer is of a description which satisfies, not excites the thirst. The eatables are chiefly cold viands and cakes, or sweet biscuits; the latter, assuming an astonishing variety of shapes, are hawked about by women, one of whom we discover to be an Englishwoman, who tells us that she came to Paris in the service of an English family, and

preferred settling here to returning home. She sells a very fragile commodity, which she calls *oublies*, and naively observes, that they are so called because you may eat a dozen of them, and immediately *forget* that you have eaten anything—which is quite true. She boasts of being a favourite with the English visitors; and, there being a round number of them present to-day, she expects to dispose of three or four loads before she leaves off work. The only excess in which the holiday crowd appears to indulge is that of smoking; pipes and cigars are almost as common as male attire, and there is no end of hawkers of tobacco and tinder, whose voices are never silent and whose services are in constant request.

We have traversed the best part of the mound, and are returning upon our track, when a tremendous explosion of martial music, accompanied by the cheers of the soldiery, in which the spectators do not think it worth while to join, announces the arrival of the emperor and his suite. The *cortège* gallops across the field, and a few minutes afterwards the telescopes are in requisition for a sight of the empress, who is seen, clad in blue satin, in the centre of the balcony. Now commence the grand military evolutions. First, the field is cleared of intruders by a detachment of grey cavalry, who ingeniously back them against the mounds on either side. Discipline has been resumed at the sound of the signal trumpets, and each regiment, drawn up with mathematical nicety, prepares for its share in the performance. We pretend to none of the qualifications that would enable us to describe in technical phrase what now takes place. What we first see are solid masses of men moving rapidly, and with as much precision as though each mass were a single block impelled by an invisible hand, into different positions on the ground. These movements clear the central space, across which a single horseman darts occasionally like an arrow. Then there is a burst of shrill clarions, a roll of drums, and the dull rumbling echo of horses' hoofs, and on, like a whirlwind across the plain, dash a thousand mailed riders with gleaming breastplates and flashing swords, seen like a vision of terror but for a moment, and then swallowed up in the cloud of dust which they raise. They are followed, after a short interval, by at least double their number, of whom we catch a glimpse of little more than their glistening headpieces and steel points as they gallop furiously past. By this time the opposite mound, with its myriads of spectators, though hardly a third of a mile distant, is completely veiled from view by a curtain of dust, which, though it robs us of the details of the spectacle, adds considerably to its romance, and serves to represent tolerably well the smoke of the battle-field. The dust, which is a fine sand, is, however, not long in settling, and after a pause the evolutions of the infantry begin. These consist of marchings and counter-marchings, of the formation of squares and columns, of deploying into ranks and breaking up into isolated individuals—suddenly forming again in compact bodies—of the rush of charging parties with bayonets levelled—and of hasty yet orderly retreats at the word of command. Hours pass away in the repetition of these and similar displays, terminating by a grand charge of three or four thousand cavalry.



The review is wound up by the thunderous advance of a squadron of flying artillery, whose heavy guns create an indescribable din as they rush madly by, literally shaking the solid earth. The roar and rush of their passage is something awful to hear, and the sight is none the less impressive that their forms are but momentarily discernible through the volumes of dust that accompany their crashing career.

During the whole of this exciting exhibition, the Parisian, it must be remarked, is in no way excited. Whether it be that he has had so much of this sort of thing that it is no novelty to him, or that it is a part of his system of enjoyment never to put himself out of the way, there is no saying; but, as a rule, he manifests the utmost apathy for the whole affair—turning his back upon it for half the time, and condescending to notice only the most striking features of the performance. He has come out to enjoy himself; the review, it is plain, is but a secondary consideration with him, his own personal satisfaction being the first: the *al-fresco* lounge, the company of his friends, the glorious weather, the presence of half Paris on the spot—these are the attractions which charm him most; and it would seem that if the military manoeuvres furnish a pretext for them, it is all that he cares for.

Towards five o'clock some of the cavalry regiments begin to draw off by various routes to their barracks, and for an hour previous to the departure of the emperor the road flanking the mound on which we stand is barred by their passing files. At five the royal party return to the Elysée, and their return is the signal for the breaking up of the vast multitude. Happily, owing to the numerous routes of access to and departure from the Champ de Mars, the dispersion of the huge assembly is unmarked either by disorder or accident. For the next hour the broad quays, the numerous bridges which cross the Seine, the leafy avenues, and the generally quiet streets of that suburb, are all swarming with myriads of the returning crowd; but at the expiration of that time Paris will have received them again into her bosom; and all that remains for the grand review is a column in to-morrow's "*Moniteur*."

### THE FORTRESS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

TRAGEDY OF THE PRINCESS TARRAKANOF.

THERE is nothing of the slightest interest externally about the fortress of St. Petersburg, except the church of St. Peter and Paul, which it incloses, where the czars are buried, as was noticed in a previous article. Nor can it be of any use in defending the city against a foreign enemy; for, being nearly in the centre, its guns could not play upon the foe till the capital had been forced. But a melancholy interest attaches to the place, as a great state prison-house to which many an innocent victim has been consigned, never again to emerge from it, whose misery may be guessed, but cannot be gauged, and whose ultimate fate has never been suffered to transpire. No tale can be more sad than that of the princess Tarrakanof, one of its inmates; and no intrigue was ever blacker with turpitude than the one which brought her within its walls. In briefly relating it, we go back to the time when Elizabeth Petrowna, second

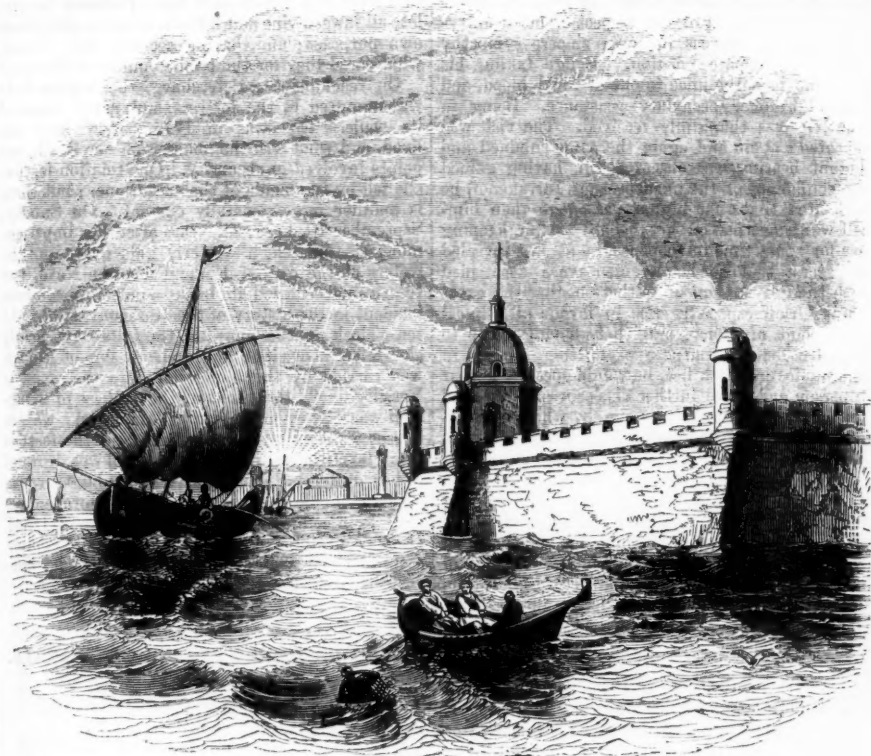
daughter of Peter the Great, was empress; but the prime criminal in the transaction was her successor, Catherine II.

Elizabeth, fat and feeble, lazy and ignorant, combined excessive superstition with an unbounded passion for drink—not her only vicious propensity—and was a very bigot with reference to the forms of the church. She could violate without scruple every divine command, but was horrified at a breach of ecclesiastical law; and would punish with inexorable rigour eating an egg on a fast day, while resigning herself on ordinary days to deep potations and licentious excess. Availing himself of this peculiarity in her character, one of her intimates, count Alexey Razumoffsky, the grand veneur, bribed some of the high clergy to represent to her the propriety of giving to the relation between them the sanction of a private marriage; and it was officially performed, but not publicly avowed. Three children were born, two sons and a daughter. One of the sons being placed in the Corps des Mines, met with an accidental death while attending a course of chemistry under professor Lehmann. Placing on the furnace a vessel filled with poisonous ingredients, he broke it, and was suffocated. The other son, count Tarrakanof, long survived, and, being a politically harmless man, was unmolested. It was far different with his sister, the youngest of the family, and a mere girl when Catherine came to the throne.

Upon that empress trampling under foot the rights of the Poles, and manifesting the design of partitioning the country, prince Radzivil, a patriot grandee, turned his attention to the princess Tarrakanof—aware of the secret of her birth—as one who might be used against Catherine, and perhaps supplant her, being a native Russian, the grand daughter of Peter the Great, while the czarina was a foreigner. It is surmised, and is not improbable, that the splendid vision might flit before him of raising himself to the highest place in the empire, as the husband of the princess. However this may be, he was an honourable man, but weak and credulous. Having gained the confidence of the female attendants of the princess, he privately removed her to his estates in Lithuania; and upon that province being overrun by the Russian armies, he took her to Italy, and settled at Rome, where she received the attention and instruction due to her birth and rank. The empress, upon being informed of this proceeding, ordered his estates to be confiscated, his property to be pillaged, his stewards to be arrested, in order to prevent them making any remittances to their master; and offered through her agents gratuities to the Roman bankers as an inducement to them to withhold advances.

After disposing of some jewels, and enduring straitened circumstances, Radzivil ventured back in the hope of raising means, leaving his charge in strict privacy at Rome under the care of a governess. On returning to Poland, he was not visited with vengeance, but assailed by temptation. The Russian ambassador offered him the restoration of his immense estates, and full compensation for all his losses, on condition of his delivering up the princess into the hands of her imperial majesty. This proposition was at once rejected as an insult; upon which he was simply required to





THE FORTRESS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

promise, "on the honour of a gentleman," that he would break off correspondence with her, and in no way encourage ambitious dreams in her mind. In that case, the ambassador promised, "on the honour of a gentleman," that she should be permitted to live abroad, and be wholly unmolested. At the same time he intimated that misfortune and ruin must inevitably befall both, if the wishes of the empress were not complied with. Radzivil had the weakness to accept the proposal, but previously commended the young Tarrakanof to the care of some friends, and sent her a supply of money, which, however, never came to hand. There can be no doubt that he did not suffer himself to be duped wilfully, but believed in the good faith of the Russian government. He had also treated the princess with perfect respect and kindness, though it was an act of great indiscretion, and a fatal one, to involve a young girl, not more than sixteen years of age, in the meshes of a political plot.

Having deprived the princess of a protector, Catherine prepared to pounce upon her prey, fully resolved to secure herself against rivalry, by having the possible competitor under lock and key in St. Petersburg. But this was not to be accomplished by force, without a violation of territory. Neither could it be effected by fair means; and measures as base as ever the villainy of man or

woman conceived were adopted to bring the victim from the banks of the Tiber to those of the Neva. The empress had an agent at hand, ready to gratify her wishes by entering into any scheme of iniquity. This was count Alexey Orloff, the man who had been first and foremost in the murder of her unfortunate husband. Yet, dark as was that tragedy, the case of the princess Tarrakanof is darker still. It is necessary to state that Orloff at this period nominally commanded a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean, with British officers, admirals Greig and Elphinstone, under him as the real commanders. He had been paying a visit to St. Petersburg when he received his instructions, and proceeded from thence by way of Vienna to Leghorn, where his squadron was expected. He soon obtained the services of one of those tools with which Italy swarms to aid him in his abominable project. This was Carlo Ribas, an absconded Neapolitan felon, who was subsequently rewarded by being made vice-admiral of the Black Sea!

One day a stranger called upon the princess at Rome, and was admitted to an interview. He was young, appeared in a splendid uniform, had a smooth tongue, insinuating manners, and conducted himself with the utmost deference. This was Ribas, who had discovered the obscure lodging of the lonely girl. He stated that, having become accidentally acquainted with her abode, he

had waited upon her to assure the grand-daughter of Peter the Great of the respect of her countrymen, and to express his own sincere sympathy with her desolate position. Before taking his leave, he bent the knee to one of royal blood, and begged to offer pecuniary assistance. Being in want, it was thankfully received. The visit was repeated; again and again the same subdued and distant bearing was observed, till, having gained the confidence of the unsuspecting Tarrakanof, he intimated that a far higher personage than himself was concerned on her behalf. After keeping her for some time in suspense, he at last revealed the secret that her countrymen were dissatisfied with the government of Catherine, that the great count Orloff especially was in favour of a lineal descendant of Peter, and that, having come to Leghorn for the purpose of putting himself in communication with her, he would speedily appear in person and make further disclosures. We need not follow the steps one by one, by which a guileless, defenceless, and inexperienced creature was ensnared to her ruin. Orloff in due course presented himself. He assumed the appearance of a frank, honest, warm-hearted, and noble-minded man, and succeeded in gaining the affections of the girl, persuading her to become his wife. In an evil hour she consented; and, under pretence of having the marriage celebrated according to the rites of the Greek church, he employed some Italian blackguards to officiate at the ceremony as priests and notaries.

Never was husband more attentive and tender to his wife than was count Orloff to the princess Tarrakanof, though he never allowed her to appear in public unless in his company. After some time had elapsed, he proposed leaving Rome, and living in some other city of Italy more conveniently situated, being in daily expectation of the plot breaking out which was to place her upon the throne of Russia. To this she replied that, "having married him, not out of ambition, but for affection, she would willingly accompany him to the end of the world." They removed to Pisa, where she became known as *la bella e buona principessa*, "the good and beautiful princess." While in this city, Orloff was informed that his squadron had reached the port of Leghorn, where his presence was necessary; and his wife at once proposed to accompany him thither. On arriving, she was received into the house of the British consul, was visited by all the ladies of rank in the place, and, at her own request, was taken on board the fleet, which she was curious to examine. A barge with splendid awnings conveyed the princess to the ships with her attendants; a second transported count Orloff and admiral Greig; a third followed with Russian and British officers. But no sooner was she on deck than the delusion of some months' standing was dispelled for ever, and a horrible reality was revealed. She was seized, handcuffed, carried below, and the vessel set sail for Russia! Of course the betrayer had so arranged his plan, that the infernal nature of the outrage did not immediately transpire. As soon as it was known, the British officers left the service of the empress, the inhabitants of Leghorn loudly expressed their resentment, and the grand duke of Tuscany formally complained of a violation of territory. But

Catherine and her minion were prepared to violate all laws, divine and human, to accomplish their own purposes; and, having secured their victim, what cared they for the public opinion of Europe?

On reaching St. Petersburg, the hapless lady was immured in the fortress, and never repassed its walls. This was in 1771. How long she lived, and what was the manner of her death, are points involved in obscurity. One relation is, that she fell by the hands of the executioner; but there is another more generally current. On Sunday, September 10, 1777, six years after her imprisonment commenced, a westerly gale drove up the waters of the gulf of Finland into the Neva, and the river overflowed its banks—not an uncommon incident in the history of the Russian capital. At ten o'clock in the morning the water was nearly eleven feet above its usual level. A ship of Lubeck was carried by the inundation into the wood of Vassili-ostrof; the yacht of the duchess of Kingston was cast upon the bar and damaged; wooden houses were washed away entire; and the fortress being flooded, the princess Tarrakanof was drowned in her dungeon. However this may be, there can be but one opinion, that seldom has a more fiendish deed been committed than the marriage of Orloff. It was contracted on his part in order to commit a murder, far transcending in foul atrocity ordinary assassination.

## INTRODUCTORY LESSONS ON MORALS.

### SECOND SERIES.

#### LESSON II.—CULTIVATION OF RIGHT FEELINGS.

##### § 1. *Feelings not under the direct Control of the Will.*

WHEN you are told that not only your actions, but your sentiments, inclinations, and feelings of every kind, ought to be under the control of conscience, it may, perhaps, occur to you that our *actions* only are directly subject to the will, and that *wishes* and *feelings* of all kinds are involuntary. It may be in your power, for instance, to do another person a service if you will; but it is out of your power to make yourself, by an act of the will, to feel affection for him. So, also, a man may be induced, by the offer of wages or otherwise, to undergo hard labour, and wounds, and cold, and heat, and other hardships; but it would be absurd to speak of hiring him to *feel* no fatigue, or cold, or pain. He may resolve to submit to abstain from food; but to resolve not to be hungry or thirsty would be absurd. And so it is with the rest of our feelings as compared with our actions. There is something of the same kind in the different functions of the different parts of the bodily frame. Some of them depend directly on the will, and others not. For instance, a man can open or shut his eyes, or move his limbs as he will; but the circulation of the blood, the process of digestion, and the secretions of the liver and other glands, are not under the control of the will. You may tell a man to walk, or run, or sit down; but to tell him to alter the pulsations of his heart, or the digestion of his food, would be as idle as to bid him "add a cubit to his stature."

But although the actions of the bodily frame

are not under the control of the will *directly*, they are so, to a certain degree, *indirectly*. Though it would be in vain for a man to will that the circulation of his blood should be raised or lowered, he can take some medicine that will have such an effect. It is not in your power to feel hot or cold at pleasure; but you may be able to warm yourself by exercise, or by coming to a fire. So also, merely to have a will to sleep would have no effect; but it may depend on your will to swallow an opiate which will cause sleep; and so in other cases.

## § 2. *Feelings under the Control of the Will indirectly.*

Now something corresponding to this takes place with respect to all our sentiments, inclinations, and feelings of every kind. They are under the control of the will *indirectly*, though not *directly*. A skilful orator, if he wishes to excite in his hearers some feeling—suppose we say pity—does not think to effect this by telling them to feel pity; because even if they were desirous to comply with all his directions, it does not depend on their will; but he puts before them a vivid description of sufferings undergone, and of every touching circumstance of the case, and dwells on these till the feeling of pity arises in their hearts, whether they will or no.

It is the same with indignation, admiration, or any other feeling. He acts, in short, the part of a physician, who does not tell his patients to digest their food better, or to quicken their circulation, etc., etc.; but tells them to use such and such a diet, or medicine, which will aid their digestion or circulation.

Now a good man on many occasions has to act the part of an orator towards himself. If at any time he is conscious that he does not feel, or does not feel sufficiently the love, or veneration, or gratitude, or whatever else it may be, which he is sensible he *ought* to feel, and which the case calls for, it would be in vain for him to say to himself *I will* feel so and so; but he recalls to his mind and dwells upon all the circumstances that are likely to excite and to heighten such a feeling. He thinks over, for instance, all the services and kindnesses of a benefactor, and the great need he had of them, till, by dwelling on these, the feelings of gratitude and love arise in his heart. So, also, if he wishes to *allay* in himself any emotion—suppose that of resentment—though it is not under the direct control of the will, he deliberately sets himself to reflect on all the softening circumstances of the case, such as the provocation the offending party may suppose himself to have received, his ignorance, or weakness, or perhaps disordered state of health; he endeavours to fancy himself in the other's place; and, above all, he meditates on the parable of the debtor, who, after having been himself forgiven, exacted payment with rigid severity from his fellow-servant. And in all this he is proceeding just as we do with respect to those bodily functions before alluded to. We cannot, by a direct exertion of will, quicken or retard the pulse; but we can, by an act of the will, swallow a medicine that shall produce that effect. And this is the only possible way in which you can proceed, either with yourself or with another, in what relates to the feelings.

## § 3. *How to influence one's Feelings.*

But people often deceive themselves, (though it may seem strange that they should), by imagining that they feel what they do not. They mistake for the *feeling* of compassion, or gratitude, or veneration, etc., the *conviction* of their understanding that the case is one which calls for such a feeling. And they say, perhaps, without the least intention to deceive, that they are "very glad" of this, and "very sorry" for that, without really feeling the gladness or the sorrow, but only a belief that they ought to be glad or to be sorry.

But those two things—the conviction of the understanding and the actual feeling—are as different from each other as a blind man's full belief that grass is green, and coals black, is, from the actual perception of those colours by the eye.

It is plain, therefore, that you must proceed differently in regulating your actions and your feelings. In bringing your *conduct* into subjection to conscience, you must have a resolute will to do what conscience requires; but in bringing your sentiments and *inclinations* into this subjection, a mere will to do so is not sufficient; you must, with prayer for divine assistance, bring before your thoughts, and dwell upon, all the circumstances that may tend to excite or to allay, as the case may be, the feelings which you ought to cherish or to repress. And it is thus that the sacred writers proceed. "Thou shalt love," says Moses, "the Lord thy God, with all thy heart," etc; for "consider how great things he hath done for thee." And thus also do the apostles teach us the duty of love to our Saviour: "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly; for scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commended his love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for the ungodly" (Romans v. 6, 7, 8). "We love him," says John, "because he first loved us:" and there are many other passages to the same effect.

## § 4. *Control of Feelings gradual.*

You will perceive, then, that the work of bringing about any change in your sentiments and inclinations is one of some difficulty, and only to be effected gradually. On the other hand, a man who is resolutely bent on *acting* differently from what he had done before, may do so immediately. "Let him that stole," says the apostle, "steal no more;" but rather "let him labour, working with his hands the thing that is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." Now any one who was fully determined to obey this admonition, and reform his life, would at once renounce theft, and betake himself to honest industry. But he would find that his former habits of idleness and dishonesty had left in him evil dispositions and wrong wishes, which could not be at once subdued. He would indeed comply at once with the commandment not to *steal*, but not with that which forbids us to *covet*. For his former thievish practices would cause him to feel for a time strongly tempted to commit acts which a man who had always lived honestly would not so much as think of. And steady industry will at first be much more irksome to such a man than to one

who has been always used to it, and who perhaps would even be uneasy without it.

Again, any one who had been habitually in-temperate, though he might firmly resolve—and, through divine grace, keep steadily to his resolution—to reform his life at once, yet would, for a time, suffer much pain from the craving after his accustomed indulgences; which craving would never be felt at all by one who had been always of sober habits. And so in other cases.

But any one who is earnestly striving to reform or to improve his character, may be encouraged by the thought that the chief difficulty is in the first step, and that his path will become smoother and easier the longer he treads in it. He must not be discouraged at finding bad thoughts and wishes force themselves occasionally into his mind, provided he does not cherish, and indulge, and retain them there, but strives to get rid of them. His evil propensities will gradually become weaker by being continually checked and restrained, on a right principle.

For it is on a *right principle* (as will be explained presently) that he must act, if he would acquire a virtuous *habit*; and he will more and more acquire a liking for many good actions which at first were distasteful to him.

The process of reforming the corrupt nature of man, by establishing a Christian moral principle, may be compared to that of *grafting* a wilding tree—such as a crab tree or wild plum—with scions of a good fruit tree. The younger the stock—the tree to be grafted—is, the more easily is this complete change in its nature brought about; because, when once grafted with a single scion, this will become the main stem of the tree, and all the branches it puts forth will be of the right sort. But a wilding tree may be successfully grafted at a considerable age; only, in this case, you must put on perhaps twenty or thirty scions, grafting *each branch*; and, afterwards, you must be continually on the watch to cut off the fresh shoots sent forth by the wild stock.

Even thus, a person who has been early trained in right principles will be likely in the whole of his conduct to put forth, as it were, branches of Christian virtue; and, on the other hand, one who has long lived a different kind of life will have to unlearn a number of distinct evil habits, and to engraft, as it were, each branch with a fresh scion of virtue.

#### § 5. *Right Acts lead to right Inclinations.*

But in carrying on such a work of reform or improvement as we are speaking of, you must begin by *acting* in such a way as conscience tells you is right; you must not wait till you are completely in a proper frame of mind, and defer doing what a virtuous man would do till you have all the dispositions and inclinations of a virtuous man. On the contrary, it is only *by* so acting that you can acquire those dispositions. Virtuous actions are, indeed, the fruits of virtuous habits; but they are also the means of acquiring those habits. They are the seed produced by the tree which springs from that seed. To wait, therefore, till you have become a virtuous man before you begin to lead a virtuous life, would be like resolving not to go into the water till you were able to swim; or not

to mount a horse till you were a good rider. It is only by practising virtue that you can bring yourself to delight in virtue.

Suppose, for instance, a man who had been given up to selfish gratification, and indifferent to the welfare of others, should, by God's grace, be brought to a conviction of the sinfulness of such a life, and the duty of beneficence, he ought at once to set about the work of doing good to his fellow creatures. At first, and for some time, he will, perhaps, be exercising a painful self-denial in giving up some personal gratifications he had been accustomed to, or in parting with money that he highly prizes for the relief or benefit of persons he does not much care about, and in taking trouble to serve them. He will only enjoy the satisfaction of doing his duty. But, by degrees, the sentiments of compassion and benevolence will be cherished in him by beneficent acts, and will become stronger and stronger. His feelings will in time overtake his reason. He will come to feel an interest more and more in the welfare of others, through the exertions he makes for their benefit, till at length it will be felt as a greater self-denial to withhold his good offices than to perform them. His selfish inclinations will be weakened by being continually repressed, and will at length become odious to him. He will gradually cease to "give grudgingly, and of necessity," and will become the "cheerful giver" that God loveth. And the like takes place in the formation of other virtuous habits.

#### § 6. *Right Actions must be what are done on right Principles.*

But then, as we said above, it is necessary that good actions should be done from a good principle. For it is only by *virtuous conduct* that a virtuous habit can be acquired; and your conduct is *not* virtuous in *you* (though it may be beneficial to others), if you do not act from a good motive. If a man (as was observed in Lesson 1, 1st Series) pays his debts punctually, and is fair in all his dealings, merely through fear of legal penalties, or for the sake of keeping up a good character, that he may prosper the better in his business, there is no virtue in all this; nor is he even in the way to acquire any virtue. For, though it is true that, according to the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy," he who acts altogether on that motive alone is not an honest man; nor is he training himself to become such. His conduct, indeed, is in itself honest; but it is in him only a matter of *policy*. He will indeed have been forming a habit, but only a habit of prudence, not of justice. And, accordingly, he will be very likely to wrong and defraud his neighbour if ever he has an opportunity of doing so with impunity. So, also, a man of a violent and revengeful temper will sometimes exercise great self-control from motives of prudence, when he sees that he could not vent his resentment without danger or loss to himself. But such self-restraint as this does not at all tend to subdue or soften his fierce and malignant passions, and to make him a mild and placable character. It only keeps the fire smouldering within instead of bursting out into a flame. He is not quelling the desire of revenge, but only repressing it till he shall have an opportunity of indulging it



more safely and effectually. And, accordingly, he will have to exercise the same painful self-restraint again and again on every fresh occasion.

But to exert an equal self-restraint on a good principle, with a sincere and earnest desire to subdue revengeful feelings, and to form a mild, and generous, and forgiving temper, this will produce quite a different result. A man who acts thus on a right motive will find his task easier and easier on each occasion; because he will become less sensitive to provocations, and will have been forming a habit of not merely avoiding any outward expression of anger in words or acts, but also of indulging no resentful feelings within. And the like takes place in the controlling and regulating of all our feelings. By *doing* what is good at once on a right motive, you will gradually come to have good sentiments and inclinations. Your *conduct* will first be in each particular act virtuous; and this will, in time, form in you a virtuous *character*.

#### STORY OF A FORGOTTEN BENEFACTOR.

WHEN a piece of cloth, calico, or other textile fabric, first comes from the loom, its surface is bristled all over, more or less, with long filaments of wool, cotton, or silk, as the case may be; which filaments, if suffered to remain, would not only greatly mar the beauty of the article, but would also render it exceedingly uncomfortable to wear. Till 1684, however, these filaments were allowed to remain upon all the cloth that was manufactured in England, in consequence of no method being known in this country by which they could be removed. At present their removal is effected by machinery in various ways, but in all by some modification of the process which was first adopted, and which consisted simply in passing the cloth rapidly, and with a delicate manipulation, over the flame of a torch. This simple process was one of the many of so much value to the arts which were first introduced into our English workshops by the French Protestants, or Huguenots, who, in the latter half of the 17th century, were obliged to flee in multitudes to this country, to seek refuge from the persecutions which overwhelmed them in their own. It was first taught to English workmen, in the year above mentioned, by one Jacques Fontaine, whose name, we believe, appears now for the first time in an English print. A preacher of the gospel by profession, a merchant and manufacturer by necessity, and a soldier both by need and inclination, his life was one constant succession of adventures, of which we think our readers will not be displeased with some account.

And first a few words concerning his ancestry. His great grandfather was a gentleman of Maine, who was entitled to write "de" before his surname, and was for a time an officer in the body-guard of Francis I. Becoming, however, a convert to the reformed religion immediately upon its introduction into France, he quitted the service, and lived for some years in retirement upon a little patrimony at Mans. There, in 1563, during the first of the civil wars that the new religion occasioned in France, he and his wife were assassinated by a band of fanatics, or rather of brigands, who adopted the religious banner as

being the one under which they could pillage with the most impunity. His children had to save themselves as best they could; but all except one succeeded in reaching Rochelle, the capital and citadel of the reformers, without injury. Amongst them was the grandfather of the hero of this sketch. Arriving in Rochelle half naked and wholly destitute of resources, he was glad to take refuge with a poor cordwainer, who adopted him and taught him to work in leather. When the cordwainer died he succeeded to the business, and he eventually became celebrated for making shoes of an improved pattern. He married twice; but the second Madame Fontaine had not long been such before she attempted poisoning her husband, and for this offence she was hanged on the first anniversary of her wedding day. The circumstances of the case chanced to bring her husband under the notice of the king, Henry IV, and that monarch was so pleased with the athletic figure of the cordwainer, that he granted him a pension, declaring that he considered him the finest looking man in the kingdom, and thought it a disgrace to France that one who was so much better fitted to handle a lance than a shoemaker's knife should be obliged, for the sake of a livelihood, to spend his life in making shoes!

Fontaine, however, did not give up shoemaking, but devoted the king's pension to the purpose, which he had long cherished, of educating his eldest son for the ministry, and continued to support the rest of his family by working at his trade. Jean Fontaine, the son alluded to, acquired in time great reputation both for eloquence and business talent, and was several times sent to London by the reformers of Rochelle, upon difficult missions to their co-religionists of Great Britain, from whom it was that the Huguenots, during the whole of the civil wars, obtained by far the greater portion of their ammunition and succours. But in the present paper it is with his son Jacques that we have most to do.

Jacques Fontaine was born in 1658. Gifted with a robust constitution and more than ordinary force of character, he seemed intended by nature for a military career; but his father chose for him instead, that of a preacher of the gospel, and educated him as became the great-grandson of a martyr, and the son of a minister ardently attached to a forbidden faith. At that moment, in France, the career of a protestant minister was beginning to be more perilous than any other; annoyances of all kinds were preluding the bitter persecutions which came afterwards, and hourly trying the constancy of the ministers of the reformed faith. Jacques was naturally well-fitted to distinguish himself in such unfortunate times, and whatever innate resolution and energy he was possessed of, the education of his childhood was hard enough to develop it. We may judge somewhat of this by the following anecdote, related by himself of his early years. "M. Arnauld," he wrote, alluding to the schoolmaster who had taught him to read, "obeyed to the letter the precept of Solomon, which recommends us not to spare our children the rod. One day, some school-fellows were speaking of his severity, and one of them started the question of how many blows usually constituted a thrashing. None of them

could settle it, so I resolved that the next time I was flogged I would try to count. The opportunity soon presented itself. During the preparations for the punishment, I wept, as usual upon such occasions, but on receiving the first blow I ceased my crying, remembering that it was impossible to cry and count at the same time. Surprised at my silence, M. Arnauld looked me in the face to see what was the matter, and then, finding I was not ill, as he had feared, gave me a second blow more violent than the first. But I still kept silence, being wholly occupied with my addition. So my master, more surprised than ever, gave me a third blow—this time with all his strength. It did not make me forget my occupation, but it was so heavy that it forced me this time to count aloud, and to cry out 'three!' loud enough for my master to hear me. 'Ah! little rascal, you are counting, are you?' said he; 'well, then, count, count, count!' and the blows followed each other so rapidly that I fear I got somewhat confused in my calculations."

His school-days past, and his theological studies completed, Jacques entered upon his career as a protestant minister just as the persecutions against the Huguenots were beginning to be vigorous and bitter. He was quickly rendered remarkable by his boldness, his energy, and the address with which he extricated himself from the difficulties which his zeal and enthusiasm almost daily led him into. Cast into prison for having preached without being authorised by the dominant church, he defended himself so ably before the parliament of Bourdeaux, that his judges could do no other than triumphantly acquit him. Nevertheless, owing to the lawlessness of the times, and the rapacity of the inferior officers of justice, he was only able to emerge from prison disembarassed of all the money he had in the world.

But not caring for that, so soon as he was again at liberty he preached more loudly than ever the doctrines of protestantism, and further took the questionable step of exhorting the inhabitants of his native province to resort in their favour to an appeal to arms. These exhortations, far from producing the desired effect, merely caused Jacques to be declared an outlaw. Still he relaxed no endeavour, but ran through the country, disguised and armed to the teeth, preaching in the solitudes, encouraging the timid, deciding those who wavered, and inciting all to an armed contest. The famous "dragoons of Louis le Grand" were on the look-out for him; but he was a most excellent cavalier; he could hit his mark, though firing at full gallop; he rode the swiftest coursers in the province, and was better acquainted than any one else with all its woods and by-paths, so he did not hold himself in much danger from the dragoons. Nevertheless, it soon became evident, even to himself, that his only chance of safety was in flight from France, so he had recourse to an English captain who was in the habit of transporting to his own country all such French Protestants as were able to escape their persecutions, and to pay the hundred francs per head which he demanded for their passage. Flight, however, for the poor Huguenots, was not an easy matter; for whilst the redoubted dragoons were tracking them in the woods, numerous war vessels were cruising along the coast, with a view

to the interception of all such of them as should succeed in putting off from the shore. The embarkment of Fontaine was therefore attended with much hazard. He and eleven companions lay down at the bottom of a small boat, that was to carry them to the English vessel, which itself remained some distance out at sea. They were covered with a heap of sails and fishing nets, and, in order to disarm suspicion, the little skiff in which they were thus hidden was allowed to remain for several hours within hailing distance of the frigate guarding the coast. Favoured, however, by the darkness and the wind, they ultimately reached the English vessel in safety.

As soon as he had landed at Dover, Fontaine entered a baker's shop to buy some bread. Struck with its low price, he at once invested all the money he had in flour, and within three days he had chartered a vessel with it, and, resolving to brave all the dangers he had just escaped, set out with it for one of the French ports. The very boldness of this enterprise contributed to its success. No one dreamed of suspecting the merchant who came from England with a cargo of flour to be a Huguenot who had fled from their own shores. So he was allowed to go and come again without molestation, and when he landed on our shores the second time it was as master of nearly twice the sum with which he had originally left France.

Amongst the companions of his first voyage from France was a lady, Madlle. Boursiquot, for whom he conceived, during the voyage, a strong attachment. This attachment soon became mutual, and the thoughtless pair, entirely regardless of the future, ere they had known each other a fortnight, resolved to marry at once. Before their intention so to do could be carried out, the lady was seen by a rich Englishman, who was so smitten with her that he not only offered her marriage, but tried to bribe Jacques by promises of large sums of money to withdraw his own claims, and press that of the new suitor instead. Neither of the two poor *émigrés*, however, was to be tempted from the other, and they were married within a month, rich in love, but scarcely possessed of anything besides.

The circumstances attending this marriage caused it to create a certain sensation, and obtained for the young couple several powerful friends, one of whom gained for Jacques the offer of a church of England living, of the value of £30 per annum, which in those days was a tolerably good income. But though Jacques fully agreed with every one of the thirty-nine articles, he saw fit to decline this offer, on account of the persecutions which the nonconformists were then undergoing. When he mentioned to his friends the scruples which he entertained on these grounds, they pointed to the numbers of poor unfortunates who were daily being executed by judge Jeffreys—the infamous creature of the avowed papist James II—upon pretence of their having been engaged in the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, but some of them really for no other crime than that of having entertained the doctrines of the presbyterians, and warned him, that if the nature of his objections were made public, it might expose him to a similar fate. But Jacques could enter into no compromise with conscience, and was as ready now to brave

the juries of Jeffreys as he had formerly been to defy the dragons of Louis le Grand. So he at once acknowledged himself a presbyterian, refused the benefice offered him, and prepared to receive the weight of Jeffreys' displeasure. But he was let alone; and, as it was necessary for him to gain a livelihood for himself by some means, Jacques first became a spice merchant, then a hat maker, and lastly a manufacturer of cloth. It was in the latter capacity that he introduced into our manufactories the singeing process above alluded to, and its introduction gained him a little fortune.

The revolution of 1688, by emancipating the presbyterians, enabled him to return to his spiritual labours. He became minister to a congregation of refugees established at Dublin; but differences having arisen between him and his flock, he shortly left that capital for the north of Ireland, where his restless mind contemplated the establishment of a new fishery, as well as the preaching of the gospel. He was accompanied thither by his wife and children, and a few French domestics; and, for the best part of the remainder of his life, there he fished and preached incessantly, regardless of the ignorant malice of the then scarcely half civilized peasantry of the neighbourhood, who bestowed upon him a double share of hatred—one for being a heretic, and another for being a foreigner. Before he had been here long, perceiving that the bay, upon one of whose shores he had taken up his dwelling, was frequently visited by French and other pirates, he posted off to Dublin, obtained an interview with the lord lieutenant, and laid before him a plan for the erection of a fort, which would cost but little, and would defend the entire bay. Though surprised to hear a minister of the gospel discourse so ably upon the art of war, the viceroy treated him but coldly. "Sir," said he, "your part is to pray to God for us, not to teach us how to perform our duty. Do you say your prayers, and we will find out how to defend you." Fontaine did not reply, but bit his lip, pocketed his drawings, and departed.

Scarcely, however, had he reached home again, ere the crew of a French corsair landed near his house, and attacked it in open day, with intent to pillage. The pirates were thirty strong, and Fontaine had only himself and two domestics to fight for him. But he was a host in himself, and his house was a little arsenal. His wife and children kept the muskets loaded, and he and his two subordinates made such use of them, that, after having prosecuted the attempt for more than eight hours with all their vigour, the pirates were obliged to raise the siege. They left behind them two of their number dead, and carried away eleven or twelve wounded.

This siege, sustained so gallantly, was much talked of at the time, and drew down the favour of the government upon the courageous *émigré*, who had thus paid his debt of hospitality with his blood. The viceroy now adopted his ideas with regard to the fort; but its erection only irritated the corsairs. The peasants gladly serving them as spies, they soon managed to fall upon it at a time when they were quite unexpected, and its whole garrison was captured without a blow being struck. This feat accomplished, the house of the minister was attacked again, and though Fontaine

defended himself as bravely as before, this time the attack was more successful. He held out till his ammunition was exhausted, but then, being himself grievously wounded, and his house being set fire to, there was nothing he could do besides surrender. Having thus at last got him into their hands, the pirates, as was but to be expected, treated him harshly. They inflicted upon him much bodily suffering, and though they permitted him to purchase his life, it was only at the expense of his whole property.

This would seem to have been the last of his adventures. Government now granted him a pension, upon which he henceforth lived quietly at Dublin. There, in 1718, he died, after having written in French an autobiography which has never yet been printed in its original form, but a translation of which, executed by his great granddaughter, was published a few months since in New York, and has furnished the materials for the present memoir. Its subject can scarcely be held up for imitation as being in every respect a model of what the Christian pastor ought to be, but we may well admire his bold and unflinching advocacy of the truth at whatever hazard, and be thankful that we live in times in which, although intolerance and superstition still retain too many strongholds, those of the earth's rulers who hold it a crime that men should believe the simple truth as it is in Jesus, are fewer than they were in the days of Jacques Fontaine.

### THE ONE CHERISHED SIN.

OFTEN, from my windows on the sea-shore, I have observed a little boat at anchor. Day after day, and month after month, it is seen at the same spot. The tides ebb and flow; yet it scarcely moves. While many a gallant vessel spreads its sails, and, catching the favouring breeze, has reached the haven, this little bark moves not from its accustomed spot. True it is, that when the tide rises it rises, and when it ebbs again it sinks, but advances not. Why is this? Approach nearer and you will see. It is fastened to the earth by one slender cord. There is the secret. A cord, scarcely visible, enchains it, and will not let it go. Now, stationary Christian, see *here your state*—the state of thousands. Sabbaths come and go, but leave them as before: ordinances come and go; ministers come and go; means, privileges, sermons, move them not (yes, they move them—a slight elevation by a sabbath tide, and again they sink—but no *real*, onward, heavenly-bound movement). They are as remote as ever from the haven of rest—this sabbath as the last, this year as the past. *Some one sin* enslaves, enchains the soul, and *will not let it go*. Some secret sin—unseen, perhaps, yet indulged in—drags down the soul, and keeps it *fast* to the earth. If it be so, snap it asunder—make one desperate effort in the strength of God. Take the Bible as your chart, and Christ as your pilot to steer you safely amid the dangerous rocks; and pray for the Spirit of all grace to fill out every sail, and waft you onwards over the ocean of life to the haven of everlasting rest.

## Varieties.

**NAPOLEON IN EXILE AND THE ENGLISH BRAVE OFFICER.**—In a garden at the back of the house occupied by the emperor Napoleon during his brief residence at Elba, is a flagged walk, bordered by a small parapet, where the emperor used to exercise himself, walking rapidly up and down, or looking through his telescope, in the hopes of some arrival. First it was from this place that he looked for the arrival of his guards, then for his sister and his mother. Hence he looked in vain for his wife. A slab of boards, roughly nailed together, is still affixed to the parapet, having been placed there to hold the telescope, or sometimes the book, which accompanied the peregrinations of the exile.

One evening, shortly after his arrival, Napoleon was watching from this spot for the arrival of the little army still allowed to him. Some sails were seen in the distance, and the captain of the "Undaunted," who was near him, declared that if he had a good glass he could discover if they were those so anxiously expected.

"If that is the only thing required," said the emperor, "here is one; try it." And he took from his pocket an excellent German glass, by Friedlander, magnificently mounted in gold, on which were engraved the imperial arms.

"Alas! sir," exclaimed captain Usher, "these are not the sails we are waiting for."

"Are you sure?" answered Napoleon.

"One cannot make a mistake with such an instrument as that, sir," rejoined the Englishman, returning the glass to its owner.

"Never mind, captain," was the emperor's amiable reply; "pray keep this glass as a souvenir of your sojourn at Elba; perhaps you may pass it in your voyages. If you cannot land, you will, at any rate, look through them at my island, and thus pay me a visit."—*The Island Empire.*

**MARRIAGE CEREMONIES AT ELBA.**—Brides on the occasion of their marriage repair to the ceremony bare-headed; and in the district round about, the mother of a newly-married man, on his arrival at his house for the first time with his wife, throws some rice or grain behind the back of her daughter-in-law, to warn her that after that day of joy and festivity she must devote herself to the more serious cares of a good housewife. If old persons marry, or a widower and a widow, they are probably aroused on the day of their nuptials by a noisy *scampanata*, or ringing of bells and knocking of saucapans, very much resembling the old English custom of marrowbones and cleavers. In almost all parts of the island, during the solemnization of the ceremony of marriage, the husband places one of his knees on the dress of his bride, which prevents the secret powers from any malignant trick; for these latter, it appears, in the absence of this rite, on the pronunciation of the sacred words, "Vos conjungo," are apt to whisper o' hers which have a bad effect on the future population of the island. Porto Ferrajo possesses another custom which is common in the island on the occasion of marriages, which is, that two persons prevent the exit of the newly-married couple from the church, by holding a scarf across the entrance. This is removed on the first approach of the happy pair without even a request. The origin of this custom is unknown, and no reason of any kind is assigned for it. Porto Ferrajo, however, differs from the rest of Elba on the occasion of baptisms, which are generally celebrated with entertainments, festivities, and dances. Here, on the contrary, they are observed with as little publicity as possible.—*Ibid.*

**AN EXTRAORDINARY BEGGAR.**—Porto Ferrajo, though monotonous, possesses one advantage over every other town of Italy—the absence of beggars. I only observed one, an idiot, who is very precise as to the alms he receives. Copper alone is acceptable; and should an alms-giver, more generous than another, offer him a paul (a silver coin, worth rather more than fivepence English), this beggar, exclaiming, "E tropo!" (It is too much), changes it at the nearest shop, and returns with the copper. Some people would think this of itself a most convincing mark of idiocy.—*Ibid.*

**NAPOLEON'S ELBAN LIBRARY.**—Amongst the other legacies left by the emperor to the capital of his "state of transition," is a library of about eleven hundred volumes, some of which bear marginal notes in his handwriting. The collection consists of works principally of a military and historical character, a set of "Moniteurs" bound up, translations of Latin and Greek classic authors, and occasionally some lighter productions may be found; Voltaire's works, grave and gay, Rousseau, and some elementary works on botany, mineralogy, and other branches of natural philosophy, procured evidently with the view of becoming acquainted with the produce of an island apparently designed, from its extensive, and at times even incongruous, resources for studies of this nature. To obtain a knowledge of those things he wanted to know, the great man did not disdain to begin from the beginning, and works destined to teach children seem to have been chosen for this purpose. He expressed to Sir Niel Campbell his desire to become acquainted with the English language, and requested that officer to procure him a grammar. I found two French grammars of English, in coarse paper covers, labelled with a rough cypher N pasted on the back. These do not appear to have occupied, however, much of the emperor's time, as most of the leaves are uncut. The only work that he seems to have perused in the prosecution of this study is one of those dully moral works calculated to combine instruction with amusement, but which generally fail in either object. The original English is placed side by side with a French translation, and the book bears the two titles, "The Hundred Thoughts of a Young Lady,"—"Cent Pensées d'une Jeune Anglaise," and purports to have been written by "Mistress Gillet."

This library is not kept in good order: it might have formed the nucleus for a fine one, but, until lately, it has not been in good hands. After his departure, the emperor had given it to the municipality of Porto Ferrajo, and a copy of a letter to this effect, addressed by count Bertrand to the governor Lapi, and dated April 18th, 1815, is prefixed to the MS. catalogue. This letter also announces the gift to the community of the house inhabited by the emperor, as a casino and as a place where the library might be kept. The Tuscan government have, however, not respected this donation, and the books are placed in a room of the Hôtel de Ville, not easy of access. The present gonfaloniere kindly gave me leave to visit it at my pleasure, but my unfortunate eyes prevented me from availing myself of a privilege which former gonfalonieres have given, it appears, without much consideration, inasmuch as some volumes of good works and valuable editions are missing.—*Ibid.*

**RESPIRATORY SURFACE IN HUMAN LUNGS.**—The number of air-cells in the human lungs amounts to no less than *six hundred millions*. According to Dr. Hales, the diameter of each of these may be reckoned at the 100th of an inch; while according to the more recent researches of professor Weber, the diameters vary between the 70th and the 200th of an inch. Now, estimating the internal surface of a single cell as about equal to that of a hollow globe of equal internal diameter, then, by adopting the measurement of Hales, we find that 600 millions such cells would possess collectively a surface of no less than 145 square yards; but by basing our calculations on the opinions of Weber—opinions, remember, which the scientific world receives as facts—we arrive at the still more astounding conclusion, that the human lungs possess upwards of one hundred and sixty-six square yards of respiratory surface, every single point of which is in constant and immediate contact with the atmosphere inspired. It will be useful, then, to imprint on the memory, that *whether we breathe pure or putrid air, the air inspired is ever in immediate contact with an extent of vital surface ample enough for the erection of two or three large houses.*

**SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S RULES FOR HEALTH:—**

"Great temperance, open air,  
Easy labour, little care."